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of festivity. At the other end of the hall are doors leading into the drawing-room, dancing-room, and library; and in the centre of this end is placed a beautiful chimney-piece of black marble, surrounded by a canopy of carved oak, the enrichments of which are in that peculiar style which characterises the ornaments of Tudor architecture, containing the single and double rose, stars, and other badges of that period. The hall is lighted by five stained glass windows of an ecclesiastical character, and level with the gallery; and on these windows are blazoned the arms of the families with whom the Vernons have intermarried, comprising some of the highest of the English and Irish nobility. Of the external architecture of this portion of the building some correct notion may be formed from our illustration, which exhibits the style of the gables and oriel or bay windows which are placed both on its southern and western sides; and we may justly apply to the whole of this range the description given by Chaucer in his imaginary palace of "pleasaut regarde:"

"The chamberis and parlars of a sorte,
With bay windows goodlie as may be thought,
The galleries right wele y wrought,
As for dauncinge and otherwise disporte."

Branching from the northern and eastern sides of the great tower, extensive ranges of building contain the servants' apartments, and an extensive suite of inferior bed-rooms, and the tower itself contains a study, and above it a nursery, over which, again, a leaded platform with parapets commands most extensive and diversified prospects of the surrounding country.

The preceding description will, we fear, convey but an imperfect idea of the plan of this interesting structure, nor will our illustration, which only gives a representation of its southern front, give more than a general idea of the architectural character of a building, the great merit of which, next to the beauty and chronological accuracy of its details, consists in the number of picturesque points of view which it affords, from the irregularity of its plan and the variety of its outlines.

We shall only add a few words in respect to its locality.

The Castle of Clontarf is situated in a district rich in pastoral beauty, and at the head or northern extremity of the village of the same name, which consists of a single but wide street composed of houses of a respectable class, and extending from it in a right line to the sea. It is surrounded by forest trees of great age and grandeur, through which by vistas are obtained views of the bay and the mountain scenery of the southern shore.

Upon the whole, we may truly say of this structure that its beauty is no less striking than its moderate size and pretension are in happy proportion to the rank and means of its owner; nor is it a lesser merit, that—unlike too many of the lordly residences in Ireland—the close propinquity of its situation to the village of which he is lord, is characteristically expressive of the confidence and kindly familiarity which should ever exist between the proprietor and the community holding under him. Nor is it again a lesser merit, that—unlike most of the mansion-houses to which we have alluded—it is not enclosed by churlish and prison-like walls of stone, excluding it from the public eye, and indicating but too truly the cold and heartless selfishness of their owners, which would not allow to the many even the passing enjoyment of a glimpse of the grandeur and beauty which they claim as their own. P.

A WOODEN GLASS GOBLET.—The first night of the "Stratford Jubilee" in Dublin, Robert Mahon had to sing the song of the "Mulberry Tree," the music composed by C. Dibdin senior, the words of which begin with

"Behold, this fair goblet was carved from the tree
Which, oh! my sweet Shakspeare, was planted by thee."

He walked on, and began the song, holding out in his hand a fine cut-glass rummer. The other performers, who were also on, looked at him and his fair glass goblet "carved from a tree" with wonder. The audience took the absurdity, and much mirth and loud hissing followed. The play over, Mahon had the folly to insist upon it he was right: "'Tis true," he said, "the property-man did stand at the wing with a wooden cup in his hand, which he wanted to thrust into mine; but could I appear before the audience with such a rascally vulgar wooden mether?—no; I insisted he should that instant go and fetch me an elegant glass rummer, and here it is!"—*O'Keefe's Recollections.*

CUTTING OLD FRIENDS.

ONE of the most difficult things a person has to do, who is getting ahead of the friends of his earlier and less prosperous years in the race of fortune, is to rid himself of these friends—to get quit of persons whose want of success in the world renders them no longer fit associates. The thing is not easily done, for you have to maintain appearances. You have to repel them gradually and gently, and in such a manner as to be able to defy them to lay any particular act of rudeness, any positive act of repulsion, to your charge. To manage the thing adroitly, therefore, requires some genius and a good deal of tact.

The difficulty of accomplishing this great manœuvre in a prosperous career, is much increased by the circumstance that as you advance your ancient cronies throng the thicker and closer around you. They in fact cling and cluster about you like so many bees, and with impertinent looks of glee seek to express their satisfaction with your prosperity.

Now, it is a most desirable thing to get quit of these gentry—to have them brushed off. But it would be rude to do this with the fly-flap and the strong hand. You must get rid of them by more tact and management. And after you have got rid of them, that is, driven them from personal contact as it were, you have to continue to keep them at a proper distance. No easy matter this, for somehow or other the obtuse creatures, your poor former acquaintance, will not see, what you see very distinctly, that you are now quite a superior sort of person to them, and that they are no longer fit to be ranked amongst your friends. This the perverse, dull-witted fellows will not see. And, more provoking still, no degree of advancement in the world on your part, no acquisition of wealth, will induce one of them, whatever you yourself may think to the contrary, to contemplate you with a whit more respect than they did when you were one of themselves. They insist on considering you merely as having been more fortunate than themselves—not a bit better or a bit cleverer.

Let us remark here, that the successful in the world are stout deniers of the doctrine of chances. They maintain that there is no such a thing as luck; while the unsuccessful, again, are firm believers in the doctrine, and insist on it that not only is there such a thing as luck, but that luck is every thing. The successful man's vanity prompts him to attribute his prosperity solely to his talents and merit—the unsuccessful man's self-love to deny that the want of these qualities has been his hindrance. Hence the conflicting opinions of the two on this curious subject. Then, where lies the truth? We suspect between.

From a good deal of experience in the science of "cutting" under the circumstances alluded to in this paper—we shall not say whether as cutters or cuttees—we have flattered ourselves that we could throw out a few hints that might be found useful to gentlemen who are getting on in the world, and who are desirous of ridding themselves of their earlier and poorer friends. Under this supposition we offer the few following remarks:—

For some time after you have started on the prosperous career on which you have luckily fallen, continue to smile and bow towards your old friends as formerly; and when you meet them accidentally (let this be, however, as seldom as you possibly can), shake hands with them as cordially as ever. You may even venture to remark, accompanying such remark with an expression of regret, that they are prodigious strangers now. But this is not quite safe ground, and we by no means advise its general adoption. Conducting yourself in this way, your old friends will never suspect that there is already a change working at your heart—a secret operation as yet known only to yourself.

By and bye, throw the least, the very least thing of distance into your greeting: let your smile be apparently as cordial as formerly, but let there now be a slight expression of the slightest degree possible of coolness, of an indefinable something or other in your general manner of a repulsive character: take care, however, that it be indefinable—that it be of a description that cannot be named.

This new feature in your bearing will probably startle the more shrewd and observant of your former friends: but never mind that—it is precisely the impression you desire to make. It is even possible that some of them may express by their manner towards you a feeling of irritation at your new mode of treating them. Meet it by an expression of surprise at their conduct, and by increased coolness. There is now good

ground for a quarrel—not open hostility, of course, but the warfare of distant looks and haughty salutations. Improve it to the utmost, and wonder what the fellows mean.

Observe that the whole of this nice process of dissolving former associations is carried on without one angry or offensive word being said on either side—without the slightest approach to an overt act of hostility; you, particularly, being as bland as ever. The whole is effected by look and manner alone.

To the gentleman who is rising in the world there are few things more offensive than the familiarity of old acquaintanceship when presented in the shape of notes and letters. Your old friends, still obstinately overlooking your advancement in the world, will in all probability continue to write to you when they have occasion to do so, in the free-and-easy way of former days. They will even sometimes so far forget themselves and you as to address you in a jocular strain. This must be instantly put down. Do it by brief and grave replies; take no notice of their jokes, and never attempt an approach to one in return. This in time will cure them: if not, you must have recourse to stronger measures. You must either not answer at all, or administer some decided dampers.

Should any of your former friends seek your patronage—a very probable case—take an early opportunity, while doing him some trifling service, of letting him feel sensibly your relative positions, all the while, however, exhibiting towards him the most friendly dispositions. But let him ever and anon feel the bit gently—let him feel that he has got somebody on his back. Begin as soon as possible to lecture him in a gentle way—all for his own good of course. Your character of patron gives you a right to do this; and under this guise you can say the most cutting things to him without affording him the slightest ground for complaint. Under this guise you can address the most insulting language to him, and defy him to take it amiss. If he should, however, you can without any difficulty prove him to be one of the most ungrateful monsters that ever lived. You were doing all you could for him, and when you ventured to advise him—having nothing but his own good at heart—he chose to take offence at you, and to resent the friendly advice you gave him. Such an ungrateful dog!

As few men can stand such treatment as that above alluded to long, we can venture to promise you that by a steady course of proceeding in the way we have pointed out, you will soon clear your hands of your old friends. C.

THE DIVORCED,*

A TRANSLATION FROM THE MOLDAVIAN.

"Ah! what a fatal gift from Heaven is a too sensitive heart!"—ROUSSEAU.

What is that yonder shimmering so?

Can it be swans? Can it be snow?

If it were swans they would move, I trow,

If it were snow it had melted ere now.

No: it is Ibrahim Aga's tent—

There lies the warrior, wounded and spent.

Mother and sisters tend him there

Night and morn with busiest care;

His wife alone—through shame or grief—

Stays away from the suffering Chief.

Wherefore, as soon as his illness was gone,

Wrote he thus to the Sensitive One—

"Go thy way from my house and hearth,

And bide with the mother that gave thee birth."

Sad was Ayoob at the sudden word!

It pierced her tender heart like a sword.

Hark! the sound of a charger's tramp—

Ibrahim, then, is come from the camp!

So she fancies, and, in her despair,

Thinks she will scale the turret-stair,

And dash herself down from the castle-wall,

When, lo! her two little daughters call—

"It isn't our father, mother dear!

This is our uncle, Djaffar-al-Meer."

Turning around, the weeping mother

Flings her arms about her brother—

"Oh, brother! that this black day should arrive!

Oh, how can I leave these helpless five?"

But, cold and wordless, as one who has yet

To study Compassion, or feel Remorse,

The brother draws forth, all shiningly set

In silk and gold, the Brief of Divorce,

* The incidents of this narrative are founded on fact.

And sternly he states the Law's command—

That again she return to her kindred and land,
Free once more to dispose of her hand.

The mother's heart felt breaking, for now

All hope was buried;—she could not speak—

She kissed her two little boys on the brow,

And her two little girls she kissed on the cheek,

While the babe in the cradle—unconscious child!—

Held out its diminutive arms, and smiled!

The iron Djaffar would wait no more—

His barb was pawing the earth at the door:

"Up, woman!" he cried—and they galloped away,

And reached their home by the close of day.

But there not long she pined alone,

For, barely a week was over and gone

When many a suitor came to sue;

Kapitans, Bèys, and Agas too,

Came to see her and staid to woo.

And Djaffar saw that the richest of all

Was the noble Khadi of Nourjahaul.

Afresh for sorrow were hourly shed

The bitter tears of the mourner then:

"I pray thee, brother," she sadly said,

"Give me not in marriage agen!

My broken heart would cease to beat

Should I and the children chance to meet."

But Djaffar was ever the Man of Steel—

The morrow, he vowed, should see her a wife!

"Then, hear me, brother!—thy sister's life

Hangs upon this her last appeal!

Write to the Khadi thus, I entreat—

'Health from Ayoob to her lordly lover!

'Send, she prays thee, a veil to cover

'Her sorrowful figure from head to feet,

'Lest, while passing the Aga's door,

'Her children greet her as heretofore.'"

The letter was sent, and the veil came home;

And by noon on the morrow the bride was arrayed;

And a gorgeous train and cavalcade

Set out for the Khadi's palace-dome.

They journeyed till sunset purpled the sky,

And now, alas! her trial is nigh—

Her trial is nigh, her bosom is swelling;

They come within sight of Ibrahim's dwelling—

They near the gates—ah, well-a-day!

Her children cannot mistake their mother—

"Mamma! Mamma! ah, don't go away!"

They cry, and their voices drown one another.

That mother groaned in her wretchedness!

"Live long!" she said, "my Lord and Master!

Mayest thou ever defy Disaster!

May thy shadow never be less!

Bid, I implore thee, the cavalcade wait

A moment in front of the Aga's gate,

While I go into the house, and leave

Some gifts with my little ones, lest they grieve."

Silently then, like a ghost from the tombs,

She enters once more the remembered rooms,

Gives to her sons little gold-laced boots,

Gives to her daughters little kapoots,*

And leaves with the babe in the cradle-bed

Some toys and a basket of sugar-bread.

Now, the desolate father was standing apart,

And he marked that she neither spake nor sighed,

And Agony wrung his manly heart—

"Come, come to me, hither, my children!" he cried,

For I see that your mother's bosom is grown

Colder and harder than marble stone.

But, as soon as Ayoob heard Ibrahim speak,

And saw her children turning away,

She fell on the floor without a shriek,

And without a stir on the floor she lay;

And the funeral-wailers of Islambol

Were chanting ere night the hymn for her soul.†

M.

* Cloaks.

† The popular notion that the Mohammedans deny immortality to the souls of women is altogether a mistake, as will be apparent to any one who takes the trouble of looking through the Koran.